

The TORY BALLAD

ON
Their Royal Highnesses Return from Scotland

To the Tune of, *The Prince of Orange's Delight.*



[1]
Room, room for *Cavaliers*, bring us more Wine,
His Highness is Landed, about with the Glasse;
The *Brimingham*-piece is but Counterfeit Coyn,
Yet fain for good Sterling amongst us wou'd pass.
Hey *Bowman*, more Wine,
Fill up to the Brim;
While *Zealots* repine
We'll frolick and sing;
For *Oats* is confounded,
That Turn-coated *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[2]
A little Old Conjuror threw so much Brasse,
And Pewter and Copper amongst the True Coyn,
That hardly a Penny of Money can pass,
But what is Clipt, Plated, or wash'd very fine;
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the stamp of the KING;
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Money we bring;
John Thum is confounded,
That Brazen-fac'd *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[3]
With such a Bold, Impudent, and Brazen-face
They'd pass for true Mettle, although but wash'd o'er;
The KING's Stamp and Image they only disgrace,
As they did their Lord and Creator's before;
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the stamp of the KING;
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Money we bring;
For *Care* is Confounded,
That Schismatick *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[4]
Yet (what is most noted) these *Brimingham* Elves,
To bear the True stamp are so brazen'd with Art,
That they wou'd have nothing to pass but themselves,
Although they're but Copper and Gaul at the heart.
But thine Boy, and mine,
Bears the stamp of the KING;
Then let's have more Wine,
While good Sterling we bring;
For *Dick* is confounded,
That Libelling *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[5]
They call themselves *Loyal*, nay more, love the King;
Yet Royallists *Tory* and *Papist* mis-call;
And rail at all those who stand up for the Thing,
With *L'Estrange*, *Herastius* and *Thompson*, and all
'Gainst these the Slaves
Their Libels they fling;
Yet they are the Knaves,
That do Libel the KING;
But *Langley*'s confounded,
That Pamphletting *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[6]
Thus *Brimingham* still the Stamp Royal rebukes,
With Brazen-fac'd Impudence guided so fine,
Who hates the KING's Picture as well as the Duke's,
And loves it in nothing, unless in his Coyn;
But let him fill pass
For a counterfeit Thing,
About with the Glasse,
And merrily sing;
For *Ben* is confounded,
That Pillory'd *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[7]
To the KING and the QUEEN, fill it it up to the Top,
The D: and the Dutcheffs, whom Heav'n has restor'd;
And next, *Hans in Kelder*, the Royal Blew-Cap;
To all the TRUE Issue, and each LOYAL LORD:
Crown every Glasse,
Fill 'em up to the Brim:
About let 'em pass,
While we merrily sing;
For *Baldwin*'s confounded,
That impudent *Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

[8]
To brave ALBEMARL the next we'll pursue,
With *Worster* and *Clarendon*, *Seymour*, and *Hall*—
To all to their KING, and their Countrey are True,
Who *Loyalty* love, and confound the *Caball*.
If *Monarchy* shine,
And BOWMAN but bring
Good store of brisk Wine,
We'll make the *Dog* ring;
For *TONY*'s confounded,
That *Spiggoted Round-head*;
Then let us be *Loyal*, and True to our KING.

LONDON: Printed for Nath. Thompson, MDCLXXXII